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THE POET'S CORNER.

[For the Ploughman.]

THE POT OF BAKED BEANS.

How my heart sighs for my own native land,
Where potatos and squashes, and cucumbers grow,
Where cheer and good welcome are always at hand,
And custards and pumpkin pie smoke in a row;
Where puddings the viands of hunger screen,
And what is far dearer, the pot of baked beans.

Let Maryland boast of her dainties profuse,
Her large watermelons, and cantaloupes fine,
Her turtle, and oysters, and terrapin stews
And soft crabs high scented with brandy and wine.
Ah! neither my heart from its native land weans,
Where smokes on the table, the pot of baked beans.

The pot of baked beans! with what pleasure I saw it,
Well seasoned, well porked by the rosy-faced dame,

And who from the glowing-hot oven she'd draw it,
Well crisped and well browned to the taste it canes;
O give my country, the land of my teens
With its dark Indian pudding and pot of baked beans.

The pot of baked beans! Ah! the time is too frail
To taste to decent, on its virtue to tell,
But look at the sons of New England no halo,
And her daughters so rosy—"twill teach thee thus full
well;

Like me it will teach thee to sigh for the means
Of health and of rapture, the pot of baked beans.

DESCRIPTIVE BALLAD.

The Lone Old Man, sung by Miss Elizabeth Sloman, at her third concert in Boston. Composed expressly for her by J. G. Maelzer. Words by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

I.
I do remember, when a child, before life's griefs began,
That near my village home there dwelt a poor and lone old man;
Alone he seemed pleased to dwell, alone content
to rove,

He died from those their pity, and he sought from none
their love.

There was something in his manner, and his wild and earnest gaze,
That made us think the lone old man had once seen
better days;

But none could learn from his the cause why he would
wander so,

And they call'd his silence madness, though I thought
it might be woe!

II.

There came a day, a winter's day, he stood before the gate
Of one who had the gods of earth, and lived in princely state;

The fire was bright that hall within, and wistfully he gazed,
As if he thought upon his home, where no such blushing blared;

But they—the crowd of heartless boys who saw him helpless stand—

Came on with shouts and waving hats, a tyrant little band,

Till, bent with torture, age and woe, the broken spirit how'd,

And he sank upon the rich man's steps, and wept aloud!

III.

One Sabbath day those feeble limbs were missing from the green,
That witt'forn form no longer in the low church-porch was seen;

But the village bell was tolling the slow sad knell of death.

For the weary and worn-hearted, who had yielded up his breath,

I gazed with trembling round me through the consecrated ground,

And my eyes were riveted upon a fresh and nameless mound;

Peacefully the lone old man beneath his covering slept, And I gazed upon the sunny sky, and hid my face and wept!

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Mary Ford.

In a quiet country town, situated in one of the midland English counties, there resided, many years ago, a surgeon of the name of Ford. He was the only child of a neighboring farmer, who, after educating his son for the profession of medicine, was able to leave him a small capital, which the young surgeon invested in the purchase of a commodious and pleasant house, well adapted for the exercise of his profession. Early in life Mr. Ford married an intelligent and amiable woman, who, in consequence of her maternal service to her husband, had two children, twin daughters, Martha and Mary by name, who received under the judicious superintendence of their mother, an education well suited to their station in society, fitting them more especially for the duties and pleasures of domestic life. The town of Hawton was not only small, but insconsiderable; yet, as it was in the midst of an agricultural district, inhabited by farmers, who were for the most part in thralls to the wealthy merchants of the town, their family and social condition was much inferior to that of their neighbors. The doctor's little establishment could boast not only a maid servant, but a boy, whose showy livery impressed the good country people with a high idea of their surgeon's claims to gentility. Mrs. Ford was a person of retired habits, not fond of much visiting; and, in truth, she found sufficient occupation in superintending her household affairs, commanding maid-servants, keeping the accounts, and nursing her two little girls. Nevertheless, as Mr. Ford was of a social turn of mind, and considered it politic to keep up an extensive acquaintance, she did not hesitate to comply with his wishes in this respect; and her visiting list included most of the respectable inhabitants of Hawton and its vicinity. A happy and prosperous family were the Fords for many years, and then a bright seemed to fall upon their prosperity, which, however, was not long delayed. Fills concealed from public view, though its effects were but too visible in the altered demeanor and habits of the female members of the household. As the daughters grew up, instead of seeking the society suitable to their age and station, they appeared to shrink from notices, and lived in the strictest seclusion; and when, after a long period of comparative decency, they were no longer to be distinguished from the rest of the community, it began to be whispered that it was not all presumption to suppose that the young ladies were safe to follow the doctor's advice, or swallow his physic; and by degrees the news publicly transpired that the once popular surgeon of Hawton was become a confirmed drunkard. Perhaps this intelligence was the more readily believed, because a young and dashing practitioner had recently settled in the town; and this circumstance doubtless had its share in the declining practice of Mr. Ford. His wife, however, who had been a widow for many years, and had been left with a large family, whilst disease and increased wants followed in the train of diminishing means. At the time when the twin sisters attained their sixteenth year, the health of the mother gave way, and it was found that for some time she had been suffering from disease of the heart, the too frequent result of great anxiety of mind. Martha, too, had always been a delicate child, and her ailments increased as privations and hardships succeeded to the tender care she had experienced in early life. Yet there was one loving, happy spirit, the ministering angel of the fallen household—Mary: who, strong in body, possessed that energetic and useful disposition of mind which loves not to dwell with regret upon the past, so much as with hope upon the future. When children, the difference between these sisters was principally in their size and strength. Martha was the larger, and, though the seniority of a true peasant over her fruits, and bewailed her little misfortunes, Mary's equally tender conscience found relief only in repairing what might still be remedied, and engaging with eagerness in plans of future improvement; and now, when enfeebled by disease and oppressed by care, Martha and her mother indulged in quiet repose, while Mary, who had been a severe cold while standing, uncovered, by the grave of poor Maria. Enfeebled by a long course of dissipation, he fell a victim to an attack of acute inflammation; and three short weeks had scarcely passed, ere the newly-filled grave was re-opened to receive the remains of the unfortunate man whose error had caused so much pain. A few weeks more, and Mary had left Hawton, gone, as the rector informed her few friends, to fill a situation as governess in a large and distant city.

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